SIERRA MADRE NEWS

VO . IX. SIERRA MADRE, LOS ANGELES COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, FRIDAY, MAY 7, 1915. NO. 32.

EXPOSITION SURPASSES ALL IN SPLENDOR OF ITS PLAN

"Is the exposition worth going to see?" is the question frequently asked of the editor and his wife since their return last week from San Francisco. In company with about 100 members of the Southern California Editorial Association they put in five busy days at the big fair, coming away with a keen appetite for another visit. The unqualified and enthusiastic answer to the question is that the exposition is well worth any amount of time that one can afford to spend there.

If you have seen one or more of the big expositions the "Panama-Pacific will stand favorable comparison with the best of them. Don't let anyone tell you they are all the same, for this one is different. And if you have not seen one, don't miss this opportunity. You may not have another opportunity. It is frequently said that this will be the last one. But that is always the prophecy and is probably no more reliable than usual.

Setting New Records

By every scale of comparison the Panama-Pacific is the greatest exposition of them all, save possibly in area. And this one covers enough ground to afford plenty of exercise. But the buildings are so grouped as to make sightseeing convenient instead of a marathon proposition.

In first cost this exposition is in a class by itself. And the architecture and landscaping make a good showing for the money invested.

Practically Complete

With the exception of three or four of the foreign buildings which are nearly ready for occupancy the exposition buildings are complete. The landscape work was practically complete months ago and the grounds now have the appearance of an old established park. Gigantic palms and full grown trees were transplanted to the grounds and lend to the impression of permanence and age. Vast beds of flowers have been arranged and planted for an effective succession of blooms giving beautiful color effects.

So far as the exhibits are concerned they are practically complete. The relief ship Jason returned from Europe recently with a cargo of exhibits from France and other European nations and these were being put into place during the editorial visit. Their installation is probably completed by this time, leaving scarcely a single vacant exhibit space in any of the main buildings. The exposition was more nearly complete at the opening than has been true of any other exposition.

Stupendous Conception

To the writer the most wonderful thing about it all is the exposition itself. The conception and execution of that main group of buildings was a tremendous thing, a rare achievement in the blending of beauty and magnitude. The effects obtained make the exposition well worth a visit if one were not to set foot inside a building.

The Tower of Jewels is the central feature of the exposition group and its transcendent beauty justifies all the praise that has been bestowed upon it. The peristyle between the lagoon and the palace of liberal arts is a close rival for first honors—by some might be placed at the top. Then the system of courts between the imposing facades of the exhibit palaces are like the streets of a dream city.

Illumination Effects

If first impressions count for much with you, try to arrange for your first view of the exposition at night. Then you will see it at the height of its enchanting beauty. The system of illumination which has been worked out displays the pastel shades with which the buildings are decorated, accentuates the important features such as towers and important statuary, and throws the whole architectural scheme into striking relief. At the St. Louis fair the illumination was by means of countless incandescent lamps outlining every building in dazzling splendor. At the Panama-Pacific scarcely a lamp is to be seen. Indirect illumination, a development of recent years, is used entirely and the effect is novel beyond belief, surpassing in beauty and lighting effects anything ever before seen.

Building decoration is also different. Chicago had its great White City. At St. Louis the buildings were of a cream tint. At San Francisco a wonderful scheme in pastel shades has been worked out, the walls being decorated with beautiful mosaics and frescoes, with columns in excellent imitation of colored marbles, onyx and other rich stones.

Externals are chiefly dealt with here. Later some of the points of particular interest, including the "Zone," will be mentioned. The subject is too big for one issue.

The editorial party had delightful accommodations at the Inside Inn. Pleasant, comfortably furnished rooms are found here inside the exposition grounds and within easy reach of the main features. It is the most convenient place to stop, especially if one's time is limited. No time is lost going back and forth to the hotel. The feature of particular value is the convenience of being able to rest in one's own room at any time without having to pay another admission fee when returning to the grounds.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH

Church of the Ascension, the Rev. Dr. George H. Connell, rector; vested choir, Fifth Sunday after Easter; Sunday school 9:45 a. m. Morning prayer and sermon 11 a. m. Lecture on Confirmation, 4:30 p. m.

BISHOP'S VISITATION

On Ascension day, Thursday, May 13, the bishop of the diocese will administer the rite of confirmation in the Church of the Ascension. The services will be at 10 o'clock a. m. A cordial invitation is extended to all of these services.

Prof. and Mrs. J. J. Hart, Miss Elizabeth Lee and Miss Harrison were among the dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Hart of the Villa on Sunday night.

Sierra Madre Directory

CITY OFFICIALS

BOARD OF TRUSTEES—J. M. Beard, Chairman; Louis Dietz, Arthur Johnson, Jr., F. D. R. Moote, L. E. Steinberger. Regular meetings in City Hall, second and fourth Thursday evenings of each month. City Clerk, C. H. Perry; Attorney, C. C. Montgomery; Treasurer, Carlton J. Pelger; Marshal and Street Superintendent, A. M. Udell; Engineer, Wm. F. Bixby; Supt. Water Dept., Franklin Biederman.

BOARD OF HEALTH—Dr. R. H. Mackerras, Chairman; Franklin Biederman, Secretary; J. A. Osgood, A. N. Adams.

BOARD OF TRADE—Meets second Monday at 8 p. m. in City Hall. President, J. A. Osgood; Vice-President, H. T. Fennell; Secretary, E. F. Ballou; Treasurer F. W. Nuetzel. Directors, J. A. Osgood, H. T. Fennel, C. J. Pegler, J. F. Sadler, J. N. Hawks, T. M. Webster, George B. Morgridge.

PUBLIC LIBRARY

SIERRA MADRE FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY—Central Ave., between Lima and Park. Open each weekday from 1:30 to 5:30 and from 7 to 9 p. m. Mrs. F. B. Wheatly, Librarian. Municipal Library board—George B. Morgridge, Chairman; Mrs. E. T. Pierce, Secretary; Mrs. L. E. Steinberger, H. J. Potter, J. A. Osgood.

FRATERNAL

SIERRA MADRE LODGE NO. 408, F. & A. M.—Stated meeting first Tuesday in each month. All visiting Masons welcome. Masonic Hall, Club House, West Central. Dr. R. H. Mackerras, W. M.; C. W. Jones, Secretary.

SIERRA MADRE CHAPTER, O. E. S., NO. 299.—Meets first Monday of each month in Masonic Hall, West Central, at 8 p. m. Visiting members welcome. Mrs. Sylvia Merrill, W. M.; Mrs. L. M. Coapman, Secretary.

CHURCHES

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH—Central Avenue at Hermosa. Rev. Fred Staff, pastor. Sunday School, 9:45 a. m.; morning worship, 11 a. m., Junior Endeavor, 3 p. m.; Intermediate Endeavor, 4 p. m.; Christian Endeavor, 6:30 p. m.; evening worship, 7:30 p.m.; mid-week prayer meeting, 7:30 p. m.

CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION (Episcopal)—Dr. George H. Cornell, Rector. Residence, The Rectory. Phone Black 70. **Sunday school, 9:45 a. m.; Morning Prayer and sermon, 11 a. m.; Holy Communion first Sunday in the month, 11 a. m.; on the greater festival and other days by appointment, 7:30 a. m.; Sunday evening service from October to July, 7:30 p. m.**

ROMAN CATHOLIC—Chapel on Highland avenue, east of Baldwin. Rev. M. W. Barth in charge. Services at 9 a. m. Sunday.

HOME OF TRUTH—493 Auburn Ave. Sunday service, 3:30 p.m. Bible lesson, Wednesday, 3 p.m. Healing meeting, Friday, 8 p.m. All are welcome.

SIERRA MADRE POSTOFFICE

Mail Arrives

From the East—9:40 a. m.; 5:30 p. m.
From the West—8:40 a. m.; 3:30 p. m.; 5:30 p. m.

Mail Departs

For the Eeast—7:45 a. m.; 11:30 a. m.; 4:10 p. m.
For the West—8:45 a. m.; 11:30 a. m.; 4:10 p. m.

PACIFIC ELECTRIC RAILWAY

Leave Los Angeles		Leave Sierra Madre	
A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.
3:45	12:05	6:10	12:10
5:55	1:05	7:00	1:10
7:05	2:05	7:30	2:10
8:05	3:05	8:10	3:10
9:05	4:05	9:10	4:10
10:05	4:40!	10:10	5:10
11:05	5:10	11:10	5:38
	5:30!		6:09
	6:05		7:05
	8:00		9:00
	9:55		10:55
	11:50		

!Daily except Sunday

SANTA FE ROUTE

(Trains at Santa Anita Station)

Eastbound

No.	Time	Train
12	8:12	Riverside and Redlands Local
2	9:43	Tourist Flyer, Chicago
4	1:53	California Limited, Chicago
18	2:41	Phoenix Express
44	4:41	San Brdno and Redlands Local
16	5:36	"The Saint," San Francisco
20	6:41	Chicago "de luxe," (Tues. only).
22	7:18	Texas and Eeast
10	9:42	Overland, Chicago

Westbound

No.	Time	Train
9	6:16	Tourist Flyer
15	7:58	"Angel" from San Francisco
19	8:12	"De Luxe" from Chi. (Fri. only)
41	9:11	local.
47	12:18	Local
3	1:40	California Limited, from East
43	4:41	Local
21	7:07	From Texas and East

INSPECTING RESERVE

Secretary of Agriculture Makes Tour of the Angeles National Forest

High officials of the department of agriculture have been inspecting the Angeles National Forest this week, with particular reference to the system of firebreaks, fire lines and fire protection generally as it has been carried out in this forest reserve. The party included D. F. Houston, secretary of agriculture; H. S. Graves, chief forester, and A. F. Potter, an assistant, from Washington; Coert DuBois, district forester from San Francisco; and R. H. Charlton, forest supervisor, of Los Angeles.

Inspection of the forest reserve began at San Bernardino where Supervisor Charlton met the party. They visited various points along the range between San Bernardino and Los Angeles. They had a little bit of roughing, but for the most part the trip was made by auto.

Examination of recreation sites constituted a part of the purpose of the visit. Another matter receiving attention was the method of securing cooperation between the government and the various water companies and others interested in the water shed. The government has always been too poverty stricken to be able to protect the forest reserve and has found it necessary to ask for aid from various private interests.

SIERRA MADRE RAINFALL

SEASON 1914-1915

Oct.		0.83
Nov.		0.11
Dec.		5.05
Jan.		8.56
Feb.		8.10
March		092.
April		1.45
May 1	0.40	
2	0.65	
3	0.61	1.46
Total to noon on April 6		26.48

Rainfall for corresponding period in 1914, 44.55. Mean for the month of May over 26 years 1.03. Heaviest rainfall 3.92 in May, 1892.

The month of May opened with the remarkable minimum temperature of 39 degrees. The lowest temperature previously recorded for this season was 28 degrees on February 3.

The very unusual sight of snow so low down on the south side of the Coast range early in May, has probably not been experienced in Southern California since 1868.

LECTURE ON JAPAN

"A Trip Through Japan" will be the title of an illustrated lecture to be given in the Woman's clubhouse next Monday evening by Mr. E. J. Webster of Sierra Madre. The lecture will take the place of the regular club meeting which would ordinarily be held Monday afternoon. It will be open to the general public as well as to members and will be free to all.

Mr. Webster will illustrate his remarks with 175 stereopticon pictures, most of which are reproduced from photographs which he took while traveling through that country. He gave the lecture recently before the Alhambra Woman's club where it was enthusiastically received.

Preceding the lecture Madame Alma Primm, a well-known singer who has spent several months in Sierra Madre and whose singing has won high praise from the Los Angeles papers, will give three selections as follows: "The Star" by Rogers; "A Song of June" by Phillips; a waltz song, "Rapture" by Williams. Mrs. George B. Morgridge will accompany her.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

"The Gospel According to Mary" will be the subject of the sermon next Sunday morning, May 9. Subject in the evening: "God's Cure for the Blues." All the services of the day as usual. A cordial welcome is extended to all. FRED STAFF, Pastor.

COLORADO EXTENSION

It has long been the dream of people in Lamanda Park and in Arcadia and Monrovia to have Colorado street extended all the way eastward from its present terminus in Lamanda Park to Monrovia. The proposition has recently been agitated afresh. The biggest obstacle in the way has always been the Baldwin ranch and it is likely to remain so, according to a letter conveying the views of Mrs. Anita M. Baldwin to the Lamanda Park Herald. She says she does not favor the project unless the highway is to turn north so as to join the Foothill boulevard at Sierra Madre avenue. That will probably put a quietus on the enterprise inasmuch as it would defeat the primary purposes of the extension, making the route no more direct than at present and making it necessary to cross the Santa Fe tracks at Sierra Madre avenue instead of in Lamanda Park. It is easy to understand Mrs. Baldwin's aversion to the Colorado street extension which would necessitate the opening up of a right of way through the heart of the old Santa Anita home ranch just below Santa Anita station.

RECALL IN ARCADIA

Bitter Feeling Aroused Over Contest to Oust City Trustees

Arcadia apparently is to have a recall election after all, a second recall petition having been put into circulation after the first was declared insufficient. This petition seeks the recall of Trustees C. A. Billings and J. A. Stocker for incompetence and other things. The circulators claim to have sufficient valid signatures to ensure the calling of an election. Feeling seems to run high among at least a portion of the Arcadians, as indicated by the vigor with which the anti-administration forces have pursued their campaign and the pointed way in which the Arcadia Journal takes the agitators to task. In last week's Journal appeared a lengthy article taking the recall party to task in part as follows:

"One is sore because the city failed to buy his land at a price the majority of the trustees thought disadvantageous to the city's interests, another on his own confession admits he was sore because they did not buy another piece of land from which he would have benefitted to the extent of an automobile; another because he had a personal grudge against the trustees; another because he was dismissed as marshal for conduct unbecoming an officer, and still another because he wants to be street superintendent and so on down the line you find that word self, self, self."

HAVE YOUR FIFTY ROUND OR OCTAGONAL

The First National bank of Sierra Madre has been selected as local distributing agent for the Exposition coins, being struck at the San Francisco mint in commemoration of the opening of the Panama canal and its celebration, the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. The coins are half dollars, in silver, and in gold one dollar, two and a half dollars, fifty-dollars, octagonal; and fifty dollars round. Under the direction of the secretary of the treasury and at an expense of several thousand dollars to the Exposition, the coins are being prepared from designs by the country's most eminent sculptors and artists, prompting the anticipation that all will be extraordinary examples of American medallic art applied to coinage. The novelty of a fifty-dollar gold piece, a larger denomination than now issued by any country, and the first of a denomination greater than twenty-dollars, to be authorized by our government, suggests that especial interest will be evidenced for this denomination, particularly since the issue is limited to not over fifteen hundred of each shape. The historical and sentimental interest associated with the privately issued fifty-dollar gold pieces of pioneer days remembered as the "California slug" is well known.

HOME OF TRUTH

Devotional service with the eighth lecture on "True Being" will be held at the Home of Truth Sunday at 3:30 p. m., corner of Auburn and Carter, Harriet C. Hamor conducting service. Everyone cordially welcome. Sunday school at 2 o'clock. All children welcome.

GIRLS' FRIENDLY SOCIETY

A meeting of the women of Ascension parish in the interest of the Girl's Friendly society will take place at the rectory on Saturday, May 8 at 2:30 p. m. Mrs. Egbert, a prominent leader in the work of the society from the east, and Miss Jacobs, secretary of the St. John's branch, Los Angeles, will be present and speak for the society. All women of the parish who possibly can are urged to be present. The meeting will open promptly at 2:30 p. m.

CUT FLOWER DEPARTMENT

The Irving N. Ward Nursery has established a new department to facilitate the handling of cut flowers, potted palms, etc. A corner of the big lath house at Mountain Trail and Laurel avenue has been enclosed and an attractive display is kept there. The special sale of nursery stock advertised in last week's News has been attracting much attention in spite of the inclement weather. Proof that people read advertising matter was shown by the number who asked to take advantage of the special offer of a free palm with $5 worth of other nursery stock.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcus W. Copps gave a luncheon party on Saturday in honor of Mr. Copp's nephew and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie E. Hildreth of Evanston, Ill. Eight other guests from Los Angeles were present. Mr. Hildreth has been employed as an adjustor by the Hartford Fire Insurance Co. for thirty-three years and has recently brought out for the company a technical book on building, which is a great help to builders and adjusters. Mr. and Mrs. Hildreth have been spending a couple of months in Honolulu and while there Mrs. Hildreth was notified by wire that she had been elected president of the Woman's club of Evanston, which has a membership of 750. She at once accepted.

SUMMING UP EVIDENCE IN HOME TRADE CASE

By DAVID POWELL

(Copyrighted 1914)

"Buy at home and we'll all grow," is a pretty good motto for every man of every town to have pasted in his hat.

It is possible that the person who sends his money away from home does not stop to consider what effect his action may have upon the business conditions of his community and indirectly upon his own fortunes. It is a fact plainly evident and thoroughly demonstrated by the experience of any number of communities throughout the land, that not only farm values, but the price of farm products as well, depend largely upon the proximity of a good market.

Keeping up Business

If the residents of the country tributary to small cities insist on buying their supplies from out-of-town houses and traveling agents, the community is deprived of business that legitimately belongs to it. The money thus spent is lost to that particular locality as a circulating medium and with the resultant decline of business begins the inevitable decline of community welfare and community values. When you decrease the business and population of your home town and surrounding country, your own home in turn will be bound to suffer depreciation. Any policy which has a tendency to injure your neighbor will in time react, and you will have to bear your share of the damage.

It is a sound economic principle to spend your money where you make it. Only in very rare cases is there any necessity or excuse for anyone sending away from the home town for goods; the local dealers are able to buy just the same goods as the city merchants at just as low prices, and if they do not happen to have the article called for in stock, can always get it for a customer on short notice.

Breaking up Communities

Commenting on the death of the late Montgomery Ward, the well known president of the big mail-order house that recently opened a Pacific coast branch in Portland, the American Fair Trade Magazine says:

"Mr. Ward leaves a fortune of twenty million dollars in his own name, and a business of seventy-five millions a year, built up at the expense of the small towns and villages of this great country, and not a cent of it ever gets back to help build up the community from which it came.

"The situation is surely one of great significance. It seems that but to read a list of the country merchants who every year close their stores and abandon their businesses on account of the seductive influence the 'silent salesman' has gained in their communities, would be sufficient to establish beyond a doubt that every mail-order purchase by a citizen is a direct and deadly blow at the prosperity of his own community. For practically every such commercial failure, a good home is disrupted and a sturdy progressive family is scattered and lost to the community."

Big City vs. the Country

President Wilson has spoken on this general line more eloquently, perhaps, than anyone before him. He said:

"The vitality of America does not lie in New York, nor in Chicago nor in any other large city, no matter what its wealth or resources; it will not be sapped by anything that happens in St. Louis; neither will it be affected by a Galveston flood or a San Francisco earthquake. The vitality of America lies in the brains, the energies and enterprise of the people throughout the land. There dwells the vital forces that are destined to make this the grandest country in Christendom. There is the wealth of America, and if America discourages locality—the community—the self contained town—she will kill the nation."

Suppose that everybody in your town and community were to send away from home and purchase all their supplies. In a few months the ultimate result would ensue—the closing of all the fine stores in your town; a daily decrease in population; and an enormous shrinkage in real estate values. Once this condition were established, just think how proud you would be when your friends visited you to show them a lot of little "junk shops" with stocks which looked as if they had been placed on the shelves by a cyclone.

Boosting Your Own Welfare

Keep the good stores in your town busy. Make them better by boosting for them and pushing for home trade all you can, and be proud of your town instead of ashamed of it. Anything you can possibly do to increase the volume of business done in your community is bound to react to your own individual benefit, because increased business volume means increased property values which in turn means larger tax returns, and the consequent benefits which follow in every progressive community.

Some people are of the prejudiced opinion that if they spend their money at home it simply goes to make one of the local merchants a little richer, and would have absolutely no other results. They think that all movements to encourage a spirit of loyalty to home institutions are based on the purely selfish interests of the merchants promoting the campaign, who want to gather all the money in sight for their own individual benefit.

Inviting Newcomers

They are unable to see that better business conditions in their town would in reality work just the other way. Once the word went abroad that theirs was a live home-trade town, progressive and up-to-date merchants from all over the country would soon seek locations there to share in the prosperity created by a loyal devotion to the spirit of home patronage; thus creating new competition which could only tend to lower rather than increase the profits of the merchants who started the ball rolling.

No, the merchants for the little towns and cities throughout the country are not robbers. They are just plain, every-day American citizens, who, like the rest of us, want to make an honest competency and give and take a square deal from everybody.

The Case in a Nutshell

In summing up the evidence which has been gathered and which has formed the basis of this series of articles, of which this is the last, it seems to the writer that five concise and potent reasons have been clearly established why it is profitable for the consumer to patronize their home merchants:

First—Considering quality, transportation charges, service and terms, home prices are as low, or lower, than catalogue prices; statements by such concerns to the contrary notwithstanding.

Second—Home merchants are in a position to, and do, rather incomparably better service than distant houses. In buying from a home merchant one may see the goods in person; discuss the merits of the article and prices; readily exchange them if unsatisfactory; and have other privileges that are not accorded by the mail-order houses.

Third—By the very nature of things one may rely upon home merchants more than upon distant concerns. This is because the home merchant meets his patron face to face and HAS TO MAKE GOOD.

Fourth—The home merchant is in a position to extend credit accommodations to his customers and is generous and courteous in doing so. This the mail-order houses absolutely refuse to do under any circumstances. In this country where men and money are both busy, this matter of credit accommodation means much. The home merchant is the consumer's friend when he is in need; he is at least entitled to a square deal when one has cash to spend.

Fifth—The interests of country people and the merchants are identical, and self-interest on the part of the consumer demands that he patronize home institutions.

Miss Lena P. Morse of Canton, Mass., accompanied by Mrs. Samuel V. Morse, and daughter Mildred, also of Canton, were guests of Mr. Abner Morse this past week. They are spending several weeks in California and are stopping at the Hotel Green while viewing places of interest.

Mother's Day—

the second Sunday in May, the 8th,

is one of the days worth remembering. Observe it by sending her one of those dainty "Mother's Day" cards or a Pohlson Shop gift.

News Printery

By the Postoffice

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

R. H. Mackerras, M. D.
Office 154 W. Central Ave.
Residence
Phone Main 53 — 138 W. Central Ave.

LLOYD L. KREBS, M. D.
Office, 4 N. Baldwin. Phone Main 60
Hours: 11-12—2-3
Res. 72 W. Alegria — Phone Main 111

DR. E. L. JACKSON
Physician and Surgeon
Phone Red 76
Office and Res. N. W. Cor. Auburn and Highland

George W. Groth
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Osteopath
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A. J. RUST
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Brief Items of Interest

S. G. Harless left for a two months' business trip this week.

Mrs. Meta Rice Newschwander of Hollywood is the guest of Mrs. Alice Staples Sokol this week.

Mrs. F. J. Hart entertaned on Sunday night with a supper of eighteen plates for eastern friends.

Capt. H. Zeigemier of the steamship Denver returned on Saturday night for a short stay in Sierra Madre.

Mrs. Rebecca Berger left this week for a few months' stay at her old home in Wilmington, Deleware.

C. D. McKee and Claude Steward of El Paso, Tex., were guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Harless on Wednesday.

Mrs. Mary Bridges and her mother, Mrs. Leachman, left on Saturday for a month's stay at their home in Long Beach.

Miss Alice Graham and Miss Lorraine Graham of Eagle Rock spent the week end with their grandmother, Mrs. V. L. Graham.

F. J. Sokol left on Tuesday for his old home in Iowa where he will spend the summer. Mrs. Sokol will go east later in the summer.

Miss Marie Adelmeyer of Riverside and her friend, Miss Daisy Lockey of Los Angeles spent several days this week in Sierra Madre.

On Tuesday evening the Eleven-And One club were pleasantly entertained by Mrs. C. L. Twycross at her home on South Baldwin avenue

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Kersting and Miss Katherine Kersting were the guests of Mrs. Jennie Smith of Long Beach for several days this week.

Mr. and Mrs. George Leaming are spending the week in Los Angeles, enjoying the La Fiesta festivities. They are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Roland.

Dr. A. J. Casner has brought his his family to Sierra Madre and will make his home here. He expects to devote all his time to his Sierra Madre dental practice.

Mr. and Mrs. John Cageny of El Paso, Tex., Mrs. Mary Wills of Alton, Ill., and Miss Burns of Los Angeles, were guests of Mr. C. B. Klunk and Miss Klunk on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Nightingale left this week for a trip to Chicago and New York. Mrs. Nightingale expects to spend several months visiting relatives but Mr. Nightingale will rteurn in a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Raymond Thorpe accompanied by friends, motored to Wheeler Hot Springs, near Ventura, last week. The trip was most enjoyable, the men spending most of the time fishing at Cold Spring where there was six inches of snow.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Andrews left this week for San Francisco and Berkeley. After visiting the fair they will attend the graduation exercises at the University of California, where their son Raymond graduates from the electrical engineering department.

Henry H. Everett, the street car magnate of Ohio, and Mrs. Everett were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Hart of the Villa. Mr. Everett with a party of friends are touring California in his private car and left here Monday for San Francisco.

J. A. Osgood leaves on Sunday for San Francisco where he will attend as president of the board of trade of Sierra Madre the state meeting of boards held in the California building at the Exposition. Mrs. Osgood will join him a week later, when she will attend the State Federation of Women's clubs of which she is parliamentarian.

A. T. Gay is putting in his spare time getting acquainted with a new Dodge motor car, as a substitute for his old Ford. It is fully equipped for the electrocution of all inconvenience, and Mr. Gay says it rides like a Pullman palace car. No doubt most of his friends would prefer riding in the new Dodge rather than his big gray closed car.

On Thursday evening of last week the Misses Caley entertained with a musicale at their home on Ramona avenue. The guests who were from Pasadena later took part in the musical program at the Congregational church. The guests included Mrs. E. L. Hanson, Mrs. Lulu Waldron, Mrs. Gordon Garner, Mrs. Nealey, the Misses Gilbert, Marguerite Nealey and Luella Curran, Messrs. I. Monroe, Judd Monroe, Clifford Wilson Knowles and Harry Leaming.

Mrs. John Young who has been residing in Sierra Madre for the past year, entertained with a charmingly appointed dinner party at her home on West Highland avenue Thursday noon. Pink and white were the colors selected by the hostess, with which she embellished the room and table. Those seated with her were Mesdames White, Brehme, Mathews and the Misses Perhan and White of Los Angeles, Mrs. Colwell, Misses Shea, and Young of Sierra Madre. Music and dancing formed the afternoon's diversion.

On Friday afternoon one of the committees of the Congregational Christmas bazaar entertained the ladies of the church and other friends very delightfully at the home of Mrs. F. H. Hartman on East Central avenue. The guests brought their thimbles and worked busily on articles for the "fifty-cent table." Delicious punch, ice cream and cake were enjoyed by the guests. The living rooms were prettily decorated with bowls of yellow roses and fern and the ice cream was also in yellow. About seventy-five guests were present. Those on the committee were Mrs. Arthur Johnson, Mrs. A. T. Gay, Miss Lottie Humphries and Mrs. F. H. Hartman.

Mrs. J. E. Sadler spent the week end at Venice.

N. W. Tarr returned on Sunday night from a business trip to Arizona.

Mrs. Kate Holmes of Los Angeles is the guest of Mrs. Abbey for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Dietz have returned from San Diego where they visited the fair.

Mrs. Jones and Miss Viola Jones are spending two weeks in Los Angeles visiting friends.

Miss Alice Harrison of Cleveland, O., was a guest of Prof. and Mrs. J. J. Hart on Sunday.

Mrs. David Morton returned on Monday from a visit of several weeks in San Francisco.

C. B. Reas returned on Sunday morning from a trip of two months to his ranch at Venice Hill, Cal.

The Dickens Fellowship will be entertained on Wednesday, May 12, at the home of Mrs. H. S. Wright.

The Ancient Priscillas were pleasantly entertaned at the home of Mrs. E. T. Pierce on Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Mae Gresham of Alameda was the dinner guest of Mrs. A. A. Hawks and the Misses Hawks on Tuesday.

Mrs. John W. Hart, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Blumer, is attending a class reunion at Berkeley, this week.

On Saturday Mrs. J. J. Hart, Miss Lee and Miss Harrison, leave for San Francisco where they will attend the fair.

Mr. and Mrs. Hobson Whelless of Freeport, La., are the guests of Mrs. S. Davis and Mrs. Mary Goodfellow this week.

Mrs. F. J. Hart and Miss Elizabeth Lee motored to Ontario on Wednesday to attend a card party given by Mrs. P. B. Mann.

On Thursday Mrs. H. S. Wright entertained in honor of Mrs. C. H. Baker, her mother, Mrs. Ingram, and her sister, Mrs. Bartleson.

Miss Ellen Bowler of Chicago arrived this week to be the guest of her aunt, Mrs. A. A. Hawks, several weeks. She will also visit the fairs.

On Thursday afternoon the Modern Priscillas were very pleasantly entertained by Mrs. George Morgridge at her home on Live Oak avenue.

Don't forget the cooked food sale tomorrow from 10 to 12 o'clock at Griggs' Grocery store, for the benefit of the choir guild of the Episcopal church.

Arcadia Journal—W. D. Millard has added a fine flock of pheasants to his farm. Now with game roosters and pheasants one would think Bill was fond of fancy birds.

Mrs. S. H. Wilson of Cleveland, O., a guest of the F. J. Harts, who left for San Francisco on Tuesday night, will return to the Villa within a week to remain some time.

This evening Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Hull are entertaining with a little informal dinner party, Rev. Fred Staff and family, Mrs. Staff's mother, Mrs. Hayes, and Rev. and Mrs. W. H. Stubbins.

Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Hulse who have been residing in Sierra Madre for several years leave this week for Monrovia where they will make their home. Mr. Hulse has charge of the Evening Express, for twelve different towns, with headquarters at Monrovia. Their home will be occupied by Mrs. Bullock who has just returned from Wyoming.

SEWING ROOM HINT.

How to Use Tissue Paper In Making Up Thin Material.

Don't throw away the tissue paper that has come in the parcel box from the shops. It is an excellent aid to the home dressmaker. Indeed, the idea is so good that, once converted to the use of tissue paper, you will never depart from the easy, practical way.

When you cut out the chiffon blouse you will encounter no difficulty if you first place the paper flat down and baste the sheer material on it before cutting the pattern. In this way a smooth edge will result and a finished effect will reward you for the small amount of time spent. Sew up all the seams, and when the stitches are complete tear away the paper.

The transparent sleeve now so much in vogue should be made over tissue paper. Baste the chiffon, net or lace on the paper, place over the pattern and sew up along the seams. Remove the paper after all sewing has been done.

Any fabric that is difficult to cut can be placed over tissue paper pinned along the line and cut without any difficulty.

Have you ever thought of making a dress trimming of paper before cutting expensive garniture or lace? Paper can be pinned around in place, turned, folded and adjusted. The general effect will be seen, and changes can be made before it is too late. This method is followed in all dressmaking establishments with great success. There is no reason why it should not be introduced into the little home sewing room. Install a paper department. It will help.

Rather Heartless.

"That fellow earns $10 a week and spends $8 of it on you."

"He is rather reckless," admitted his girl carelessly.

"I shouldn't think your mother would want you to receive his attentions."

"Oh, mother knows that a financier of his type will never be able to talk matrimony."—Kansas City Journal.

Gems In Verse

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

WHEN the Norn-Mother saw the whirlwind hour,
Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,
She bent the strenuous heavens and came down
To make a man to meet the mortal need.
She took the tried clay of the common road—
Clay warm yet with the genial heat of earth,
Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy;
Then mixed in laughter with the serious stuff.
It was a stuff to wear for centuries,
A man that matched the mountains and compelled
The stars to look our way and honor us.

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth;
The tang and odor of the primal things—
The rectitude and patience of the rocks;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn,
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The justice of the rain that loves all leaves;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
The loving kindness of the wayside well;
The tolerance and equity of light
That gives as freely to the shrinking weed
As to the great oak flaring to the wind—
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky.

And so he came.
From prairie cabin up to capitol,
One fair ideal led our chieftain on.
Forevermore he burned to do his deed
With the fine stroke and gesture of a king.
He built the rail pile as he built the state,
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow;
The conscience of him jesting every stroke
To make his deed the measure of a man.

So came the captain, with the mighty heart;
And when the step of earthquake shook the house,
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient hold,
He held the ridge pole up and spiked again
The rafters of the home. He held his place—
Held the long purpose like a growing tree—
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise,
And when he fell in whirlwind he went down
As when a kingly cedar, green with boughs,
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

—Edwin Markham.

A VALENTINE.

I'M poor in this world's goods, sweetheart;
Of gold I have no store;
Yet grant me but this single prayer
And I'll not crave for more.
For there's one word that thou canst speak
To me, thy Valentine;
'Twould make me richer than a king—
'Twould make the whole world mine.

COULD I with diamonds deck thy hair,
Or load thine arms with gold,
There's naught on earth that's rich or rare
But should its charms unfold
To grace thy form, but I've no gems,
Nor gold, nor jewels fine;
Yet there's one word which thou canst speak—
'Twould make the whole world mine.

SPEAK, then! Thy lover listening waits
A beggar at thy door.
A prince's ransom 'tis I ask,
A kingdom, aye, and more.
And yet 'tis but a single word,
But, by St. Valentine,
Whisper it in my ear but once—
'Twill make the whole world mine.

—Vogue.

A MINOR POET.

THE firefly, flickering about
In busy brightness, near and far
Lets not his little lamp go out
Because he cannot be a star.
He only seeks the hour he lives,
Bravely his tiny part to play,
And all his being freely gives
To make a summer evening gay.

—Amelia Josephine Burr.

MY VALENTINE.

'TWAS thirty years ago, dear, when this old world was new,
And life was just a golden dream, unending, dear, to you.
I looked into your soft brown eyes and you looked into mine—
'Twas then I whispered, "Curlyhead, you are my valentine."

'Twas thirty years ago, dear, and now your hair is gray,
But your brown eyes are just the same as on that winter day
When first I looked into their depths and pledged my love with thine—
The day I whispered, "Curlyhead, you are my valentine."

—Selected.

SOMETIMES.

ACROSS the fields of yesterday
He sometimes comes to me,
A little lad just back from play—
The lad I used to be.

AND yet he smiles so wistfully
Once he has crept within,
I wonder if he hopes to see
The man I might have been.

—Thomas S. Jones, Jr.

THE FLIGHT.

AGAINST the moon the crows fly fast
On their south trail through the sky.
With steady speed and joyous faith
The crows fly high.
The clinging mists are in the vale;
The view from the hill grows gray,
And the west is clouding inky black
Where the pink clouds used to play,
But the moon grows bright as it rises
With radiance into the sky,
And against it, into the darkness,
The crows fly high.

—Louise Townsend Nicholl.

FROM "THE DAWN."

AGAIN the world is touched with gold,
The parable of dawn retold
In resurrection from the night,
In restoration of the light.

* * * * * * *

A crystal chalice, in the hand
Of dawn, is held for those who stand
Receptive, eager, trustful, true,
Inspired with zeal to dare and do.

—Julia Hall Bartholomew.

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6 cakes Ben Hur Laundry Soap	.25

Specials for Saturday Only

1 lb. Best Creamery Butter	.29
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1 gal. can California Ripe Olives	.50
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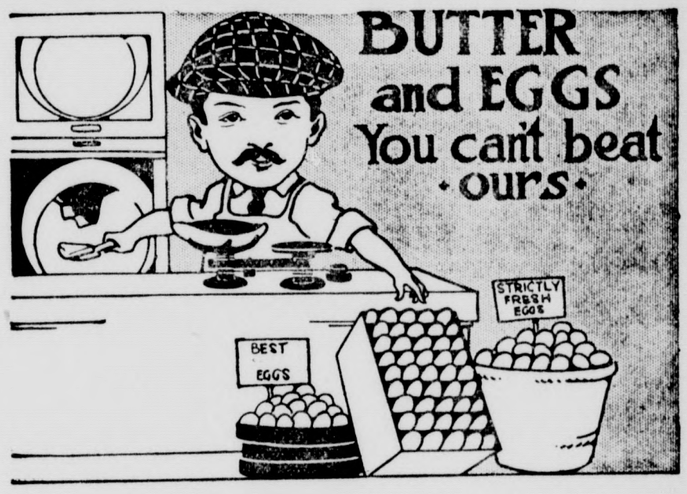

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Peg o' My Heart

By
J. HARTLEY MANNERS

A Comedy of Youth Founded by Mr Manners on His Great Play of the Same Title — Illustrations From Photographs of the Play

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SYNOPSIS.

Frank O'Connell, young Irish patriot, is shot and wounded by British soldiers while making a home rule speech. He is aided by Angela Kingsnorth, an English society girl, who defends him.

Angela takes O'Connell to her brother's home and helps to nurse him. He recovers, and he and the girl become fast friends.

Peg goes to the home of the Chichester family in England at the direction of Mr. Hawkes, Kingsnorth's attorney, as Kingsnorth suddenly dies.

She first meets Ethel Chichester and Brent, a married man in love with Ethel. She interrupts them by accident in a secret meeting.

Hawkes arrives and reads the Kingsnorth will. It leaves most of the fortune to Peg and offers liberal pay to any one who will undertake her education and social training.

Mrs. Chichester finally agrees to bring up Peg in return for the money promised, although she openly despises the shabby young girl.

Peg is heartbroken at the cold reception given her by the Chichester family. She is much impressed, however, by the luxury of her surroundings.

Peg longs to return home, but on Jerry's plea she decides to remain in England a month. Brent and Ethel have another meeting. Both are unhappy.

Ethel and Peg have a violent disagreement, and Brent's attentions to the former are the cause of the dispute, which is interrupted by Jerry.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Dance and Its Sequel.

JERRY met Peg at the foot of the path when he saw all the lights disappear in the house.

They walked across the lawns and meadows on that beautiful July night, with the moon shining down on them.

Once at the great hall his mother put the gauche little Peg at her ease, introduced her to the most charming of partners and saw that everything was done to minister to her enjoyment.

It was a wonderful night for Peg.

She danced every dance, she had the supper one with Jerry, she laughed and sang and romped and was the center of all the attention. What might have appeared boldness in another with Peg was just her innocent, willful, childlike nature. She made a wonderful impression that night and became a general favorite. She wanted it to go on and on and never to stop. When the last waltz was played and encored and the ball was really ended Peg felt a pang of regret such as she had not felt for a long, long time.

"Oh, I am so happy, so happy!" she cried as Jerry led her back to her seat at the conclusion of the last dance.

"I wish I could make the world one great ballroom for you," said Jerry earnestly.

"Do ye?" asked Peg tremulously.

"I do."

"With you as me partner, dancin' ivery dance with me?"

"Every one."

"Wouldn't that be beautiful? An' no creepin' back afther it all like a thief in the night?"

"No," replied Jerry. "Your own mistress, free to do whatever you wished."

"Oh," she cried impulsively, "wouldn't that be wondherful!"

His mother had come across to say "Good night" to Peg. In a few moments his sisters joined them. They all pressed invitations on Peg to call on them at Noel's Folly and, with Mrs. Chichester's permission, to stay some days.

Back across the meadows and through the lanes, under that marvelous moon and with the wild beat of the "Continental Waltz" echoing from the ballroom, walked Peg and Jerry, side by side, in silence. After a little while Peg whispered:

"Jerry, what were you goin' to say to me when yer mother came up to us?"

"Something it would be better to say in the daylight, Peg."

"Sure, why the daylight? Look at the moon so high in the heavens."

"Wait until tomorrow."

"I'll not slape a wink thinkin' of all the wondherful things that happened this night. Tell me—Jerry—yer mother and yer sisters—they weren't ashamed o' me, were they?"

"Why, of course not. They were charmed with you."

"Shall I ever see them again?"

"I hope some day you'll see a great deal of them."

They reached the windows leading into the living room.

"Good night, Peg," he said.

"What a hurry ye are in to get rid o' me! An' a night like this may never come again."

Suddenly a quick flash of jealousy startled through her.

"Are ye goin' back to the dance? Are ye goin' to dance the extra ones ye wouldn't take me back for?"

"Not if you don't wish me to."

"Plaze don't," she pleaded earnestly. "I wouldn't rest aisy if I thought of ye with yer arm around one of those fine ladies' waists as it was around mine such a little while ago—an' me all alone here. Ye won't, will ye?"

"No, Peg, I will not."

He bent down and kissed her hand reverently.

At the same moment the sound of a high power automobile was heard in the near distance.

"Take care!" cried Jerry. "Go in. Some one is coming."

Peg hurried in and hid just inside the windows and heard every word that followed.

As Peg disappeared Jerry walked down the path to meet the visitor. He came face to face with Christian Brent.

"Hello, Brent," he said in surprise.

"Why, what in the world"— cried that astonished gentleman.

"The house is asleep," said Jerry explanatorily.

"So I see," and Brent glanced up at the darkened windows. Jerry remarked:

"Just coming from the dance? I didn't see you there."

"No," replied the uncomfortable Brent. "I was restless and just strolled here."

"Oh! Let us go on to the road."

"Right," said the other man, and they walked on.

Before they had gone a few steps Jerry stopped abruptly. Right in front of him at the gate was a forty horsepower automobile.

"Strolled here? Why, you have your car!" said Jerry.

"Yes," replied Brent hurriedly. "It's a bright night for a spin."

The two men went on out of hearing.

Peg crept softly upstairs. Just as she reached the top Ethel appeared from behind the curtains on her way down to the room. She was fully dressed and carried a small traveling bag.

Peg looked at her in amazement.

"Ethel!" she said in a hoarse whisper.

"You!" cried Ethel under her breath and glaring at Peg furiously.

"Please don't tell any one you've seen me!" begged Peg.

"Go down into the room!" Ethel ordered.

Peg went down the stairs into the dark room. Ethel followed her.

"What are you doing here?"

"I've been to the dance. Oh, ye won't tell me aunt, will ye? She'd send me away, an' I don't want to go now, indade I don't."

"To the dance?" repeated Ethel incredulously. Try as she would she could not rid herself of the feeling that Peg was there to watch her.

"To the dance?" she asked again.

"Yes. Mr. Jerry took me."

"Jerry took you?"

"Yer mother wouldn't let me go. So Jerry came back for me when ye were all in bed, an' he took me himself. An' I enjoyed it so much. An' I don't want yer mother to know about it. Ye won't tell her, will ye?"

"I shall most certainly see that my mother knows of it."

"Ye will?" cried poor broken hearted Peg.

"I shall. You had no right to go."

"Why are ye so hard on me, Ethel?"

"Because I detest you."

"I'm sorry," said Peg simply. "Ye've spoiled all me pleasure now."

Poor Peg turned away from Ethel and began to climb the stairs. When she was about halfway up a thought flashed across her. She came back quickly into the room and went straight across to Ethel.

"An' what are you doin' here—at this time o' night? An' dressed like that? An' with that bag? What does it mane? Where are ye goin'?"

"Go to your room!" said Ethel, livid with anger and trying to keep her voice down and to hush Peg in case her family were awakened.

"Do ye mean to say ye were goin' with"—

Ethel covered Peg's mouth with her hand.

"Keep down your voice, you little fool!"

Peg freed herself. Her temper was up too. The thought of why Ethel was there was uppermost in her mind as she cried:

"He was here a minnit ago, an' Mr. Jerry took him away."

"He?" said Ethel frightenedly.

"Mr. Brent," answered Peg.

Ethel went quickly to the windows. Peg sprang in front of her and caught her by the wrists.

"Were ye goin' away with him? Answer me!" insisted Peg.

"Yes," replied Ethel vehemently. "And I am."

"No, ye're not," said the indomitable Peg, holding her firmly by the wrist.

"Let me go!" whispered Ethel, struggling to release herself.

"Ye're not goin' out o' this house tonight if I have to wake every one in it."

"Wake them!" cried Ethel. "Wake them. They couldn't stop me. Nothing can stop me now. I'm sick of this living on charity; sick of meeting you day by day, an implied insult in your every look and word, as much as to say, 'I'm giving you your daily bread; I'm keeping the roof over you!' I'm sick of it. And I end it tonight. Let me go, or I'll—I'll"— And she tried in vain to release herself from Peg's grip.

Peg held her resolutely:

"What d'ye mane by insult? An' yer daily bread? An' kapin' the roof over ye? What are ye ravin' about at all?"

"I'm going," said the distracted girl.

"Ye'd take him from his wife an' her baby?"

"He hates them, and I hate this! I tell you I'm going"—

"So ye'd break yer mother's heart an' his wife's just to satisfy yer own selfish pleasure? You'll stay here an' he'll go back to his home if I have to tell every one an' disgrace ye both."

"No, no! You must not do that! You must not do that!" she cried, terror stricken. "My mother mustn't know. She mustn't know. Let me go. He is waiting, and it is past the time"—

"Let him wait!" replied Peg firmly. "He gave his name an' life to a woman, an' it's yer duty to protect her an' the child she brought him."

"I'd kill myself first!" answered Ethel through her clinched teeth.

"No, ye won't. Ye won't kill yerself at all. Ye might have if ye'd gone with him. Why, that's the kind of man that tires of ye in an hour an' laves ye to sorrow alone. Faith, he'd ha' made love to me if I'd let him."

"What? To you?" cried Ethel in astonishment.

"Yes, to me—here in this room today. If ye hadn't come in when ye did I'd ha' taught him a lesson he'd ha' carried to his grave, so I would!"

"He tried to make love to you?" repeated Ethel incredulously, though a chill came at her heart as she half realized the truth of Peg's accusation.

"Ever since I've been in this house," replied Peg. "An' today he comes toward me with his arms stretched out. 'Kiss an' be friends,' sez he, an' in you walked."

CHAPTER XXIV.

Enemies No Longer.

ETHEL sank down into a chair and covered her eyes.

"The wretch!" she wailed. "The wretch!"

"That's what he is," said Peg. "An' ye'd give yer life into his kapin' to blacken so that no dacent man or woman would ever look at ye or spake to ye again."

"No! That is over! That is over! I hate myself!" Ethel cried between her sobs. "Oh, how I hate myself!"

"Ethel acushla! Don't do that! Darlin', don't! He's not worth it. Kape yer life an' yer heart clane until the one man in all the wurrld comes to ye with his heart pure, too, an' then ye'll know what rale happiness means."

She knelt down beside the sobbing girl and took Ethel in her arms and tried to comfort her.

She helped her cousin up and supported her. Ethel was on the point of fainting, and her body was trembling with the convulsive force of her half suppressed sobs.

"Come to my room," said Peg in a whisper as she helped Ethel over to the stairs. "I'll watch by yer side till mornin'. Lane on me. That's right. Put yer weight on me."

She picked up the traveling bag, and together the two girls began to ascend the stairs.

Ethel gave a low choking moan.

"Don't, dear; ye'll wake up the house," cried Peg anxiously. "We've only a little way to go. Aisy now. Not a sound! S-sh, dear! Not a morsel o' noise!"

Just as the two girls reached the landing Peg in her anxiety stepped short, missed the top step, lost her footing and fell the entire length of the staircase into the room, smashing a tall china flower vase that was reposing on the post at the foot of the stairs.

The worst thing that could possibly have happened was just what did happen.

Peg instantly made up her mind that they were not going to know why Ethel was there.

Ethel must be saved and at any cost.

"Holy mother!" she cried. "The whole house'll be awake! Give me yer hat! Quick! An' yer cloak, an' yer bag!" Peg began quickly to put on Ethel's hat and cloak. Her own she flung out of sight beneath the great oak table.

Peg Fell the Entire Length of the Staircase.

"Now remember," she dictated, "ye came here because ye heard me. Ye weren't goin' out o' the house at all. Ye just heard me movin' about in here. Stick to that!"

The sound of voices in the distance broke in on them.

"They're comin'," said Peg anxiously.

"Take care, mater—keep back. Let me deal with them." And Alaric, with an electric flashlight, appeared at the head of the stairs, followed by his mother and the servant Jarvis.

He began a systematic search of the room until suddenly the reflector from the flashlight shone full on the two girls.

Ethel was sitting back fainting in a chair, clinging to Peg, who was standing beside her trembling.

"Ethel!" cried Alaric in amazement.

"Margaret!" said Mrs. Chichester in anger.

"Well, I mean to say!" ejaculated the astounded young man as he walked across to the switch and flooded the room with light.

"What does this mean?" asked Mrs. Chichester severely.

"Sure Ethel heard me here," answered Peg, "an' she came in, an'"—

"What were you doing here?"

"I was goin' out, an' Ethel heard me an' came in an' stopped me, an'"—

"Where were you going?" persisted the old lady.

"Just out—out there," and Peg pointed to the open windows.

Mrs. Chichester had been examining Peg minutely. She suddenly exclaimed:

"Why, that is Ethel's coat!"

"Sure it is," replied Peg, "an' this is her hat I've got, an' here's her bag." Peg was striving her utmost to divert Mrs. Chichester's attention from Ethel, who was in so tense and nervous a condition that it seemed as if she might faint at any moment. She thrust the dressing bag into the old lady's hand. Mrs. Chichester opened it immediately and found just inside it Ethel's jewel box. She took it out and held it up accusingly before Peg's eyes. "Her jewel box! Where did you get this?"

"I took it," said Peg promptly.

Mrs. Chichester opened the box. It was full. Every jewel that Ethel owned was in it.

"Her jewels—Ethel's jewels!"

"Yes, I took them too."

"You were stealing them?"

"No, I wasn't stealin' them. I just took 'em. I wanted—to wear them," answered Peg readily. Suddenly Peg saw a way of escape, and she jumped quickly at it. "I wanted to wear them at the dance."

"What dance?" demanded Mrs. Chichester.

"Over there—in the Assembly rooms—tonight. I went over there, an' I danced, an' when I came back I made a noise, an' Ethel heard me, an' she threw on some clothes, an' she came in here to see who it was, an' it was me, an' we were both goin' up to bed when I slipped an' fell down the stairs, an' some noisy thing fell down with me, an' that's all."

Alaric called out from the window:

"There's some one prowling in the garden. He's on the path. He's coming here. Don't be frightened."

Alaric pushed his electric light full into the visitor's face and fell back.

"Good heavens, Jerry!" he ejaculated, completely astonished. "I say, you know," he went on, "what is happening in this house tonight?"

Jerry came straight down to Mrs. Chichester.

"I saw your lights go up, and I came here on the run. I guessed something like this had happened. Don't be hard on your niece, Mrs. Chichester. The whole thing was entirely my fault. I asked her to go."

Mrs. Chichester looked at him stonily.

"You took my niece to a dance in spite of my absolute refusal to allow her to go?"

"He had nothin' to do with it," said Peg. "I took him to that dance."

Mrs. Chichester looked steadily at Jerry for a few moments before she spoke. When she did speak her voice was cold and hard and accusatory.

"Surely Sir Gerald Adair knows better than to take a girl of eighteen to a public ball without her relations' sanction?"

"I thought only of the pleasure it would give her," he answered. "Please accept my sincerest apologies."

Peg looked at him in wonder.

"Sir Gerald Adair! Are you Sir Gerald Adair?"

"Yes, Peg."

"So ye have a title, have ye?"

Peg felt somehow that she had been cheated. Why had he not told her? Why did he let her play and romp and joke and banter with him as though they had been children and equals?

"I am ashamed of you! You have disgraced us all!" cried Mrs. Chichester at Peg.

"Have I?" screamed Peg fiercely. "I've disgraced ye, have I? Well, none of you can tell me the truth. I'm goin' back to me father."

"Go back to your father, and glad we are to be rid of you!"

Before Peg could say anything further Ethel suddenly rose unsteadily and cried out:

"Wait, mother! She mustn't go. We have all been grossly unfair to her. It is I should go. Tonight she saved me from—she saved me from"— Suddenly Ethel reached the breaking point. She slipped from Peg's arms to the chair and on to the floor and lay quite still.

Peg knelt down beside her:

"She's fainted. Give her air!"

Peg loosened Ethel's dress and talked to her all the while, and Jerry and Alaric hurried out in different directions in quest of restoratives.

Mrs. Chichester came toward Ethel, thoroughly alarmed and upset.

But Peg would not let her touch the inanimate girl.

"Go away from her!" cried Peg hysterically. "What good do ye think ye can do her? What do you know about her? You don't know anything about yer children. Ye don't know how to raise them. Ye don't know a thought in yer child's mind. Why don't ye sit down beside her sometimes an' find out what she thinks an' who she sees? Take her hand in yer own an' get her to open her soul to ye! Be a mother to her! A lot ye know about motherhood! I want to tell ye me father knows more about motherhood than any man in the wurrld."

Poor Mrs. Chichester fell back, crushed and humiliated from Peg's onslaught.

(Continued on Page 4)

CLOSE-IN LOTS

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As Advertised in Last Week's Paper

Plant now and take advantage of the exceptionally low prices. Remember that the sale only lasts one week more

Corner Mountain Trail and Laurel

SCHOOL NOTES

Miss Bertha M. Carson, teacher of the seventh and eighth grades, and Miss Minnie Gardner of the third and fourth grades, will attend the summer session of the University of California at Berkeley.

Several members of the faculty of the Sierra Madre school, who visited the Exposition at San Diego report that the exhibit sent from this school was effectively displayed and compared favorably with the best exhibits sent from other schools of Los Angeles county.

The establishment of the school court among the pupils has proven of marked benefit in the general conduct of the children, especially on the playground and in the lines.

Slate blackboards are to be installed in all the class rooms next Saturday and much gratification has been expressed by the teachers, as the present blackboards of a mixed composition had worn out and it was found that several of the children were suffering from eye strain caused by their streaky condition.

Twenty-six pupils will constitute the graduation class of 1915 and they are all looking forward to this event with eagerness.

Some of the boys have fitted up a small room in the basement as a laboratory where experiments are conducted in agriculture and physiology. A novel electrical appliance has been attached to the door knob to keep out intruders. A school trustee not knowing the combination danced a jig and took a flying leap when he tried to open the door.

The attendance at the meetings of the Parent-Teacher's association continues up to expectations and its success appears to be assured.

The new kindergarten building will be ready for occupancy within ten days, the domestic science building a week or so later.

The annual exhibit will be held during the last week of the term, probably on Thursday, June 24, and Friday, June 25. Many new features will be introduced and some beautiful designs of window panes exhibited.

The eighth grade has planned to visit the High School in Pasadena on Tuesday. They will be under the charge of Prof. Maltble, principal of the school.

Principal Maltble has signed a contract with the Redpath Lyceum bureau for a series of high-class entertainments to be given at the Woman's clubhouse during the fall and winter months. The movement was sanctioned by the board of school trustees and has met with much success in other school districts where it was taken up.

J. H. WRIGHT, Clerk.

Nest Eggs.

Take a nice fresh egg and separate the white and the yolk so that the yolk will not be broken. Put the white into a bowl, add a pinch of salt and beat it until it is very stiff. Have ready some little bowl that is pretty enough to put on the table, but that will not break in the oven. Pour into this the stiff beaten white and make a little hole in the middle of it with a spoon. In this little hollow place the yolk, still unbroken. Set the dish in a hot oven and cook for three or four minutes, or until the white has browned a little and the yolk is firm. There must be a separate dish for each egg that you cook in this way. Serve right away.—Delineator.

Beautiful new designs in place cards and bon bon holders at the News Printery.

The Monrovia Steam Laundry is now giving Sierra Madre a daily service.

Charter No. 8707

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF

The First National Bank

at Sierra Madre, in the State of California, at the close of business, May 1, 1915

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts		$131,342.41
Overdrafts, unsecured		11.66
U. S. Bonds deposited to secure circulation, par value		25,000.00
Bonds, securities pledged as collateral for State or other deposits or bills payable, postal excluded	13,495.00	
Bonds, other than U. S. bonds, not included stocks, owned unpledged	3,715.84	17,210.84
Subscription to stock of Federal Reserve bank	$ 1,800.00	
Less amount unpaid	900.00	900.00
Banking house, $15,000.00; furniture and fixtures, $7,618.81		22,618.81
Due from Federal Reserve Bank		3,000.00
Due from approved reserve agents New York, Chicago, and St. Louis	$ 2,095.72	
Due from approved reserve agents in other reserve cities	15,684.04	17,779.76
Due from banks and bankers, other than above		852.76
Fractional currency, nickels, & cents		75.02
Notes of other National Banks		1,000.00
Lawful Money Reserve in Bank, viz:		
Total coin and certificates		5,647.00
Legal-tender notes		1,300.00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (not more than 5 per cent of circulation)		1,250.00
Total		$227,988.26

LIABILITIES

Capital stock paid in		$ 25,000.00
Surplus fund		5,000.00
Undivided profits	6,453.43	
Less current expenses, interest and taxes paid	2,405.33	4,048.10
Circulating notes		25,000.00
Dividends Unpaid		25.00
Demand deposits:		
Individual deposits subject to check	$95,302.06	
Certified checks	79.90	
Cashier's checks outstanding	8,394.06	
State and municipal deposits	11,937.31	115,713.33
Time deposits:		
Certificates of deposit due on or after 30 days	11,721.35	
Deposits subject to 30 or more days' notice	41,480.48	53,201.83
Total		$227,988.26

State of California, County of Los Angeles, ss.

I, F. W. Nuetzel, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

F. W. NUETZEL, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 5th day of May, 1915.

S. R. G. Twycross
Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:

Chas. S. Kersting
C. W. Jones
N. W. Tarr
Directors

[Seal]

CERTIFICATE OF BUSINESS

Fictitious Firm Name

The undersigned does hereby certify that he is conducting a feed and fuel business at Sierra Madre, California, under the fictitious firm name of the Sierra Madre Feed & Fuel Company, and that said firm is composed of the following persons, whose names and addresses are as follows, to-wit: Nathan W. Tarr, 274 Montecito avenue, Sierra Madre, Cal.

Witness my hand and seal this 15th day of April, 1915.

NATHAN W. TARR.

State of California, County of Los Angeles, ss.

On this 15th day of April, in the year nineteen hundred and fifteen, before me, Marshall T. McComb, a Notary Public in and for said County, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared Nathan W. Tarr, known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the within instrument and acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

Witness my hand and official seal.

MARSHALL T. McCOMB.

Notary Public in and for said County and State of California. (Seal)

THE SIERRA MADRE NEWS

By George B. Morgridge

Published Fridays — Subscription $1.50 Yearly

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FRIDAY, MAY 7, 1915

EDITORIAL CHAT

News Values—

Curious beyond understanding are the news standards of the Los Angeles dailies. Acres of good, white paper are spoiled with interviews and pictures of tin horn sports, "beautiful movie actresses" who never saw a movie camera, "capitalists" in every stage of good and bad repute, likewise politicians. But apparently the name of John R. Mott means nothing to them. Most of their readers have had no inkling that such a man was in town, let alone information of what was doing or saying. Apparently these so-called news editors did not know that Dr. Mott is one of the big men of the world today. They did not know that he had declined President Wilson's tender of the post of minister to China to continue his work as active head of the World's Christian Student Federation. If they saw any announcement that he was coming to Los Angeles in furtherance of that work it did not suggest to them that here was one of the comparatively few real world statesmen of the day, a man whose services would be eagerly accepted by any great nation which could secure him for its diplomatic corps. They did not think it worth while to give their readers a word from this man who would have an eager audience at any university in the country or at any capital in the world. And yet these are metropolitan newspapers! Sure, any one of them will admit it.

Some Suburb—

By the election result of Tuesday Los Angeles becomes the chief suburb of the San Fernando Valley. The city voted to annex territory which more than doubled its area but added very little to its population. An outline map of the city boundaries presents the queerest figure ever defined by a city's limits. In spite of its grotesque features the annexation move was the logical thing to afford a market for surplus aqueduct water and to make productive vast areas of fertile land in the annexed territory.

It Matters Little—

It really doesn't matter much who is mayor of Los Angeles, so long as it is some one of reasonably good character. Under the present form of city government nothing but mediocrity can be expected. The best of men could accomplish little and so the job is not attractive to such. It is to be hoped the board of freeholders to be elected to frame a new charter will provide a form of city government that will attract really big men as candidates.

Avoiding Dust Storm—

The only right way to pass on constitutional amendments and other direct legislation is at a special election where matters are not complicated by factional or partisan issues. Few of the measures voted on last fall had proper consideration. People were too busy with candidates. It is to be hoped whatever measures are to come up for popular vote within the next two years will be submitted to the electors of the state next fall.

Not So Nice—

Opponents of the plan to choose state and county officers by individual merit instead of party label loudly proclaimed their intention to call a referendum and defeat the law. When the men who had put the law through the legislature followed it up with a measure providing for a referendum this year there was an immediate howl about the waste of public money. It was the "opposition" to the non-partisan law that really brought on the referendum. Their real trouble is not so much dread of expense as the certain knowledge that the law will be approved by the voters.

—G. B. M.

Luke McLuke Says:

When you say that some men are fatheaded fools every man in your audience knows that you are talking about the other fellow.

Some men never forget to take the makings with them when they go out, but they always seem to forget to take any matches.

Eve was about the only woman that ever moved into new quarters and didn't kick about the dirt left by the women who moved out.

Shapes is shapes. That's one reason why you never hear of an excelsior factory failing.

It is funny, but it is a fact that most of the men who use perfect grammar are earning $20 per week, and most of the men who say "them things" and other bush league expressions own their own homes and have a substantial bank account.

The old fashioned woman who used to use a whole paper of safety pins when she was dressing now has a daughter who wouldn't know how to use one if she had it.

Before marriage he imagines that it is sentiment that makes her save his love letters, but after marriage he learns better.

You may not believe it, but the girl who has a beam like a battleship doesn't eat half as much as the girl who is built like a hatpin.

Prayer is all right once in awhile, but the man who puts blisters on his hands gets more than the man who puts blisters on his knees.

Any real woman will spend 25 cents to save a dime.

Any undertaker will tell you that he would starve if he had to depend on the men who are always yelping that they are working themselves to death.

The brunettes are just as light headed as the blonds.

What has become of the old fashioned girl who used to get bedquilts and flannel petticoats for wedding presents?

Anyway, Adam didn't have to sit around at night and listen to Eve nagging that she wished she had some decent clothes to wear like other women.

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News Liners

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—At La-Jolla-by-the-Sea, San Diego's beautiful suburb, my new built-for-owner house, seven rooms around tropical patio, finely cultivated lot, best boulevard section. Thoroughly modern; inch-thick hardwood floors throughout. Ocean and cliff view; handy to bathing cove. Rental appraisement $100. Price $8000, might consider to $6000 improved Sierra Madre or other foothills property. E. L. SABIN, Sierra Madre. 32*

HOW INGENIOUSLY TO UTILIZE WASTE THINGS AND PLACES.

A young woman once took a table cover of Chinese silk of a becoming hue, cut a hole in the center large enough to slip her head through, added a gold cord at the waist and wore the garment to a tea. The round part cut from the cover was twisted about her head as a turban. This is a little too ingenious for general application.

Two young artists utilized a 10 by 10 roof top opening from their studio back door in a very clever manner. A few laths made a lattice along the entire end to protect them from the too intimate view of their back door neighbors. A little daubing of paint gave to it a fine weather beaten look. Vines took lovingly to the lattice. A small transplanted bush added its fresh, vigorous green. Daisies brought from the fields grew blithely in their new home.

A small cast of Narcissus on a pedestal looks down into a pan of water, around which are placed stones and pots of marigolds. Against the red brick wall at one side wooden boxes piled high with cushions serve for seats. Against this wall also a discarded panel forms a wall fountain, and at the base of this a basin molded of plaster is filled with ferns and vines. A Greek motto is painted on the wall. A narrow scantling extends from the lattice to the studio door, and from this a little Pompeian lamp of Venetian wrought iron hangs in a corner.

The top of a big tree spreads its branches over one end of this charming little roof garden, which serves as a summer dining room for these city dwellers, who have made one barren, ugly spot a garden of delight.

It cost almost nothing but a discerning eye, a little time and the ingenious use of materials at hand.

There are many ugly unusual spots in both city and country that would respond as readily to the capable man or woman's discernment and care.

OLD FASHIONED HINTS.

How to Aid the Housewife's Struggle For Cleanliness.

It would seem as if about half of woman's whole duty in life, if she follows the profession of housewife, consists of various kinds of cleaning—fighting and struggling day after day against just plain dirt. Yet when you consider how largely our civilization depends on the elimination of dirt this doesn't seem such a tiresome duty, after all.

The baby's bath, washing clothes, cleaning rooms, "doing dishes," dusting—all these things that take up so large a share of the housewife's time are simply phases of the general crusade against dirt.

Here are some old fashioned hints to aid the process of cleaning:

To clean grease spots from clothing or carpet an old and good rule calls for four parts of alcohol to one part of ammonia and half as much ether as ammonia. Apply the mixture to the spot and then rub with clear water and a cloth.

To take grease spots from rugs or carpets, if you act at once, a thorough coating of cornmeal rubbed into the spot is often effective. Another method is to lay a blotting paper over the spot and then press over it with a hot flatiron, repeating this process several times. Care should be taken not to press over an oiled or varnished floor.

To clean blankets the old fashioned method was to use a "pounder" or any smooth piece of wood that could be used to pound the soap and water into the blankets, as rubbing on a board is not good for blankets. Dissolve soap in boiling water to make a good suds and add a tablespoonful of ammonia. Pour scalding hot over the blankets and then with the "pounder" work thoroughly into the blankets. Rinse in hot water. Put the blankets through the wringer and then pull into shape. This operation requires two persons, one holding one end and pulling against another person holding the other end of the blanket.

To clean the inside of jars and bottles fill them with hot water and then stir in a teaspoonful of baking soda. Shake well and rinse.

To clean mattresses use a paste of cold water and starch. After the mattresses have been thoroughly beaten and freed from dust spread this paste freshly made on all spots and expose to the sun for several hours; then rub off the starch. A second application of this paste should be tried if the first is not entirely satisfactory.

How to Utilize Old Hot Water Bags In the Home.

Don't throw away your old hot water bags. They make excellent linings for tourist cases, sponge bags, etc. Cover the rubber with remnants of cretonne or colored linen from the piece box. Small pieces of the rubber cut 3½ by 1½ inches and sewed with white thread make good protectors for sore fingers or to be worn when paring fruit and vegetables. Still another use for the old hot water bag is to cut round mats from the sides to place under house plants. These mats are just the thing to protect polished surfaces from the moisture of the plants.

Peg o'My Heart

(Continued from Page 3)

In a few moments the two men returned with water and salts. After awhile Ethel opened her eyes and looked up at Peg. Peg, fearful lest she should begin to accuse herself again, helped her up the stairs to her own room and there she sat beside the unstrung, hysterical girl until she slept, her hand locked in both of Peg's.

One thing Peg had resolved—she would not spend another night in the Chichester home.

Her little heart was bruised and sore. The night had begun so happily; it had ended so wretchedly.

And to think the one person in whom she trusted had been just amusing himself with her, leading her to believe he was a farmer—"less than

"I was goin' out and Ethel stopped me," said Peg.

that," he had once said, and all the time he was a man of breeding and of birth and of title.

Poor Peg felt so humiliated that she made up her mind she would never see him again.

In the morning she would go back to the one real affection of her life—to the man who never hurt or disappointed her—her father.

* * * * * * *

We will now leave Peg for awhile and return to one who claimed so much of the reader's attention in the early pages of his history—O'Connell.

It had not been a happy month for him.

He felt the separation from Peg keenly. At first he was almost inconsolable.

The days passed slowly until Peg's first letter came. It contained the news of Kingsnorth's death. Peg's entrance into the Chichester family, her discontent, her longing to be back once more in New York. This was followed by more letters, all more or less in the same key. Finally he wrote urging her to give it all up and come back to him. He would not have his little daughter tortured for all the advantages those people could give her. Then her letters took on a different aspect. They contained a curious half note of happiness in them. No more mention of returning. On the contrary, Peg appeared to be making the best of the conditions in which she was placed.

These later letters set O'Connell wondering. Had the great message of life come to his little Peg?

Although he always felt it would come some day, now that it seemed almost a very real possibility he dreaded it. There were so few natures would understand her.

That Peg was developing her character and her nature during those few weeks was clear to O'Connell. The whole tone of her letters had changed. But no word of hers gave him any clew to the real state of her feelings until one day he received a letter almost entirely composed of descriptions of the appearance, mode of speech, method of thought and expression of one Jerry. The description of the man appealed to him, he apparently having so many things in common with the mysterious person who had so vividly impressed himself on Peg. Apparently Peg was half trying to improve herself. There was a distinct note of seriousness about the last letter.

He lived entirely alone in the same rooms he had with Peg when she was summoned abroad.

He was preparing, in his spare time, a history of the Irish movement from twenty years before down to the present day. It was fascinating work for him, embodying as it did all he had ever felt and thought or done for the "great cause."

(Continued next week)

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NOTICE OF IMPROVEMENT

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Board of Trustees of the City of Sierra Madre, on March 25, 1915, passed Ordinance of Intention No. 196, to order the following work to be done in said city, to-wit:

That Central Avenue, a public street of the City of Sierra Madre, be widened in certain portions thereof, lying between Lima Street and Hermosa Avenue, so as to make said portion of Central Avenue of a uniform width of 80 feet.

That the land necessary and convenient to be taken for the improvement, described in Section 1 hereof, is situate in the City of Sierra Madre, County of Los Angeles, State of California, and more particularly described as follows, to-wit: All that portion of Lots One (1), Two (2), Four (4), Five (5) and Six (6) of Block "A," Spalding and Pinney Tract, as per map recorded in book 11, page 5, Miscellaneous Records of Los Angeles County, California, lying south of a line parallel and 40 feet north of the center line of Central Avenue.

That the boundaries in the district of the City of Sierra Madre, County of Los Angeles, State of California, to be benefited by said improvement and to be assessed to pay the expenses thereof, and to be known as the "Assessment district," are hereby fixed as follows:

Property fronting on Central Avenue including all abutting lots to their full depth, north and south on said Central Avenue from Baldwin Avenue to Sierra Madre Avenue, being approximately one-half the blocks north and south of said portion of Central Avenue, said district being more particularly described in Ordinance No. 196.

Reference is hereby made to said Ordinance of Intention for further particulars.

A. M. UDELL,
Street Superintendent.

Dated April 16, 1915.

"Thought of You" Poster Stamps are just the thing to stick on packages or mail matter. Get them at the News Printery. 22